THE ANGEL CONTENT.

One angel of His holy ones attending,
The soul in peace or pain hath learned to love;
One angel, that from many overbending
Descendeth like a dove.

In shadow-time or in the morning glory,
In drought and famine, or in feasting days,
When grief is long and gladness transitory,
She hath her song of praise.

Robed not in purple, she no chaplet weareth:
In kindly services her feet are swift,
And in her willing hands no gift she beareth,
Herself a perfect gift.

When friends and foes forget, forsake completely,
And Hope, aweary, homeward flies, nigh spent,
One from the silence clearly calls and sweetly:
"Love me. I am Content."

—Frank W. Hutt, in S. S. Times.

MRS. BRADSHAW'S DIVORCE.

MR. GARRAWAY stood up as young Mrs. Bradshaw rose from her seat at the dinner table. It had been rather a quiet dinner, and he had to do nearly all the talking. Bradshaw opened the door and Mr. Garraway (of Gray's Inn place) noticed that each avoided looking at the other.

Ernest Bradshaw closed the door and came back to the table. He cracked a walnut, and, on opening it, threw it into the fire.

"Bad?" inquired Mr. Garraway.

"Yes," said young Mr. Bradshaw, violently. "Of course it's bad. Worst of it is that you never know until you try."

"But all the nuts are not bad, Bradshaw." Bradshaw grunted. "Anything wrong at Whitehall?"

"No. Whitehall's all right."

Mr. Garraway owed his success as a solicitor mainly to knowing exactly when not to do the wrong thing.

"I want to ask you something, Garraway. Do you ever have people coming to you to draw up deeds of separation?"

"Oh, yes; pretty often."

"Well, would you mind being of some use to me—and to Ellen?"

"Why, certainly. But you don't want to be separated? Why, man alive, you haven't been married a year!"

"Garraway, look here. We have had a row—a dispute, or whatever you like to call it. We have agreed to part."

On the piano in the dining-room upstairs a chord or two were struck, and the clear voice of Mrs. Bradshaw rang out.

"You see," said Bradshaw, "perfectly jolly over it." There was a sudden stop and crash on the piano, as though the player could keep it up no longer.

"Look here, Bradshaw,"—Mr. Garraway passed his hand carefully over his smooth, spare hair—"look here. Call at my place at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning and I'll do what is wanted."

"Thank you, Garraway."

"Shall we go upstairs? I must arrange with her."

The demure, precise little clock on the mantelpiece in Mr. Garraway's chambers struck eleven. A small boy entered with a card.

"Thank you, Judd. Show the lady in."

Mr. Gibson withdrew with his work to the outer office, stepping aside at the door to permit a slim, girlish figure to enter.

"I had no chance of speaking to you last night," said Mr. Garraway, "excepting to ask you to call. But I had a brief conversation with Bradshaw, and he assured me that you had quite made up your mind about the matter."

"He is, in this particular instance, quite right," she put her lips together and looked determined.

"And so I am to draw up the deed of separation?"

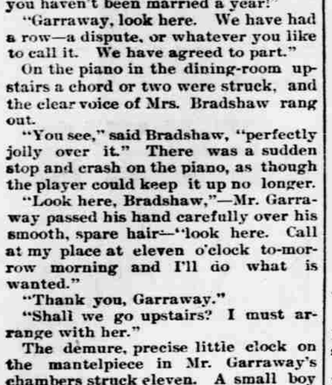
"If you please."

"It's rather rough on me," went on Mr. Garraway, with an effort at humor. "Why, it seems only yesterday that I was his best man, and you and he went away to Neuchatel, and we cheered you as you left Victoria station. Do you remember?"

"Would you mind telling me, please, when the document can be drawn?"

"And do you remember your first dinner after your return, and how jolly we all were? Why, you were as comfortable as anything, until a week or so ago."

"What I propose to do," said the stern young lady, with just the suspicion of a catch in her voice, "is to go



"I WANT TO ASK YOU SOMETHING, GARRAWAY."

abroad with my aunt for a year or two, and leave the house as it stands, for Ernest to live in. He can get a housekeeper, you see, and—"

"By Jove!" cried Mr. Garraway; "not a bad idea."

"You think—you think it will work all right, Mr. Garraway?"

"Oh, yes."

"It was our quarrel of last week parted us, and—"

"Well, will you allow me, as an old friend, to give you a little advice?

"I should advise you to make up this difference of opinion with Ernest. I'm told—of course I'm only a bachelor—but I'm told that all young couples have their quarrels to begin with, and they do say—here again I speak of, course, as a mere bachelor—that the making-up is always the most delightful part of it."

"Mr. Garraway, I thought you would argue in this way, and it is very good of you. But my mind was made up before I came here, and nothing that you can say will alter it. A woman must judge for herself in these matters."

"It shall be put in hand at once."

"I should like to leave London this day week."

"I dare say," said Mr. Garraway, with great amiability, "that that can be managed."

"There is only one question of a housekeeper. Somebody must be there to look after the servants."

"I—is there, I think, I can be of some assistance to Ernest." Mr. Garraway spoke with genial assurance. "It so happens that a client of mine is looking for precisely a situation of that kind."

"How extremely fortunate."

"She is a good manager. She is a widow and she has had charge of a house similar to yours."

"That capital. As I say, I shouldn't like the house to go to rack and ruin. When could this old lady come, do you think?"

"This—who?"

"This old lady—this widow. When could she come?"

"Oh, but"— Mr. Garraway smiled pleasantly, "you are laboring under a slight mistake, Mrs. Bradshaw; the lady is not old."

"Oh, she is not young, I suppose."

"Well, as a matter of fact, she is rather young. By the bye, I ought to have her portrait here somewhere."

It had cost Mr. Garraway one shilling, this cabinet photograph, in a shop that morning. The shopman couldn't tell him who it was; she was an exceedingly pretty girl in demure black, and the wily Mr. Garraway was content.

The bunch of narcissus at the lady's bodice was bobbing up and down as she continued to look at the photograph.

"You see, the thing is to get some one who would make poor Bradshaw comfortable and not compel him to be always at the club."

She put the photograph down on the table.

"This lady," said young Mrs. Bradshaw, definitely, "shall never come into my house."

"No," agreed Mr. Garraway, sweetly; "quite so. Not in your house. She will, of course, be in Ernest's house. I am sure that on my recommendation—"

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Garraway, that you would recommend a person like this for such a position?" Mrs.

"THIS LADY SHALL NEVER COME INTO MY HOUSE."

Bradshaw had risen from her chair and spoke indignantly.

"Now, Mrs. Bradshaw. Pardon me. I can't allow you to speak ill of a client of mine. I have every reason to believe that she is a well-bred young lady and comes from one of the best families. I have no doubt in my mind that she will make my friend Bradshaw very comfortable indeed."

There was a tap at the door, and the smart boy entered with a card.

Mr. Garra way went toward the door to receive the newcomer. Not before, however, he had seen the handkerchief go to the eyes of the young visitor.

"Bradshaw," he whispered at the door, "listen to me, man. Your wife's in there, crying. Go and kiss her, and make it up."

An hour and a half later Mr. Garraway sauntered back. The small Judd followed him into the room and put some more coals on the fire.

"Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw gone, Judd?" demanded Mr. Garraway.

Master Judd said: "Yesir."

"What the deuce are you grinning about, Judd?"

The excellent Judd said it was nothin' special. Being pressed, however, Master Judd confessed that, entering the room about twenty minutes after his master had left, he saw the gent and lady kissing each other like one o'clock, and as 'appy as—

"Judd," said Mr. Garraway, severely, "I am surprised at you. I am surprised that a man just now, perhaps, of tender years, but one who is possibly destined for the highest honors, should be guilty of the highest impropriety—the gross unprofessional impropriety, sir—of noticing a matter of this kind. I am surprised at you; perfectly surprised at you. Would you like to go to the theater to-night, you young scoundrel?"—St. James Budget.

The Crow a Mouser.

The bird was an old one, just knocked down with a charge of shot and handed over in a dazed condition to my informant. He recovered from his wounds, but was always a very sedate bird. He had the run of a large house and was one day observed in a crouching attitude pressed tightly into the angle formed by the wall and floor. He had discovered that the place was infested by mice and was watching a crevice. The instant that a mouse showed his head the crow had him in his beak and would kill him by striking him with lightning rapidity two or three times on the floor and then swallow him. From that time mouse-catching was the bird's sole occupation and amusement, and he went about the house in absolute silence and in the stealthy manner of a cat.—Fortnightly Review.

Compensation.

"Yes," sighed the Hammock, regretfully, "it was my fault that those sweet young people fell out."

"Never mind," rejoined the Bicycle Built for Two, with a merry little twinkle in its nickel-plated spokes, "I shall see to it that they are much thrown together."

Thus again a compensatory juxtaposition of natural forces was established.—Detroit Tribune.

An Inadvertence.

Nelson—Well, I'm the luckiest chap in the world.

Stanley—How so?

Nelson—It appears that Madge broke with me about the same time she did with Jack Boodles and now she's sent me back his presents instead of my own.—Philadelphia Call.

—France has furnished fewer immigrants to the United States than any other large nation of Europe. During the ten years preceding 1890 only about fifty thousand persons left France for this country.

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

—Collared Salmon: Split, scale and bone the salmon; season with mace, cloves, pepper and salt; roll up in a cloth; bake it with butter and vinegar. Serve cold.—Harper's Bazar.

—Velvet Cream: Put one-half box gelatine in one quart milk with the yolks of three eggs on the stove; stir until it comes to a soft custard; when cold beat the whites of three eggs to a froth; add six tablespoons of white sugar, one tablespoon flavoring and mix all together; put in a mold and let stand till hard.—Housekeeper.

—Tutti Frutti Tarts: Beat a piece of butter the size of an egg to a cream; add to it half a cup of currants, the same quantity of chopped and seeded raisins, quarter of a cup of candied lemon peel (or citron will do) chopped fine, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, a tablespoonful of lemon juice and nutmeg, or other spice as preferred. Line deep patty pans with puff paste, fill with the mixture and bake. When cold, cover with icing. Nice for parties. —City and Country.

—Ambushed Asparagus: Cut into half-inch pieces a bunch of asparagus and boil until tender. Have ready the popovers left from breakfast. Cut the popovers in half, scooping out the inside and heat them in the oven, both tops and bottoms. Boil a pint of milk and stir into it three well-beaten eggs. Stir until it thickens; add a tablespoonful of butter, also salt and pepper. Into this put the asparagus. Do not let it boil. Fill the popovers, put on the tops and serve.—Chicago Record.

—Stuffed Beefsteak: Take a steak cut from the round of beef, spread it out. Make a stuffing of a teacupful of stale bread crumbs pounded fine, a tablespoonful of butter, a slice of onion, a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, with a little grated nutmeg. Spread the mixture thickly over the steak and roll it up. Put bits of butter in the bottom of a pan, dredge with flour, put in the steak, pour in a teacupful of water, and set in the oven until brown. Garnish with little balls of fried potatoes and serve with brown sauce.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

FASHION ECHOES.

Summer Collarettes—Popular Colors—Laces and Ribbons.

Huge collarettes of various sorts have to a great extent taken the place this hot weather of capes, but often there is need of some sort of substantial covering for the shoulders. This, this season, is supplied in many cases by a very full frilly cape of silk, crepon or velvet, but the cape does not meet in front, extending only a little beyond the chest near the shoulders, and a beholder of it wonders how it is adjusted. This is accomplished by means of ribbon which passes under the arm and buttons in the center of the shoulders under the cape. The fronts of the cape are turned back, forming revers and revealing a very handsome lining of rich brocade in white, yellow, old rose, pale pink, mauve or cerise. Some of these collets are no more than twelve inches in length, but they are very full.

Blues that rival the cobalt of a midsummer sky, pink like the changing tones of the after glow of sunset, greens that repeat every varying tint of turf and foliage, grays like the morning mists of the ocean, and every conceivable shade of brown—these are the summer colors favored of fashion most frequently seen in union with other tones, friendly or otherwise, black in many cases acting as mediator, this somber dye being brought into requisition even with the daintiest tints and fabrics, its presence imparting character to every class of material, whether diaphanous or substantial.

Lace and black or other dark velvet ribbon or ribbons of some description are considered indispensable additions to the class of dressy gowns now dictated by fashion. The very newest ribbons have edges of jet or lace. Black silk crepe-lisse ribbon is another novel variety largely used to veil trimmings of brilliant color. There are likewise expensive hand-painted and gauze ribbons with fringed or lace edges—in short, never did the ribbon weavers turn out so much variety as the present product of their looms. It now seems almost incredible that not very many years ago the trade of ribbon weavers in this country was almost at a standstill, and the Coventry work was so ruinously slack that a special appeal was made to royalty beseeching them to bestow their patronage on ribbon and thus give an impetus to an almost expiring industry. Previous to this bonnets and hats in summer were made of or trimmed with tulle, silk, lace, net, etc.; in winter with Terry velvet, plain velvet, plush, etc., one and all being trimmed chiefly with flowers and feathers. As a trimming for gowns, ribbon was hardly thought of, and at that time it was impossible to suppose anything approaching the present popularity of and demand for ribbon. At an importing house of note recently a tour was made through an immense room on the third floor of the great establishment where nothing was displayed but boxes of ribbons of every possible color, shade, pattern, width and fabric, from lisse in shadowy patterns to velvet and satin brocade. The turn of fashion's wheel can bring about extraordinary changes. —N. Y. Post.

Gowns That Look Cool.

The saying, "appearances often deceive," is a platitude which applies to dress more than any other branch of art, and in this connection it is the deceiver herself who is often most deceived. A dress that looks cool to those outside it usually feels cool to the woman inside it. This is why dotted Swiss and grass cloth are worn so much this summer. As a matter of fact, dotted Swiss is not a bit cooler than batiste, but it looks more so, and that settles the question. Plain white dotted Swiss has been worn so much that it was growing monotonous, and it is now so varied that one does not recognize all the varieties at first glance. It comes in colors, pink, blue, ecru, etc. Other varieties have plain white grounds, with pink or blue or yellow dots. A new kind of grass cloth is on the market. It has dots like dotted Swiss and is a great favorite because it combines the beauties of two favorite dress materials—grass cloth and dotted Swiss. Cross-barred dotted Swiss is another innovation. The cross bars are usually of some terra cotta or dull red shade and the material is much used for shirt waists. A stylish combination for a shirt waist is dotted Swiss and white linen collar and cuffs.—Washington Times.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

HERE'S A GOOD IDEA.

Let Farmers to Ride Wheels and the Road Question Is Settled.

It is a typical American scene: The harvest time that is now under full headway in most of the states of the union has its spare moments for the thrifty farmer, though it is a very busy season. But even in these spare moments the agriculturist is busy with his thoughts. The roadmaking is over "for now." On one side of this primitive highway great, rough ridges of sod and clay have been plowed out of the bottom of the roadside ditch and scraped up to make the road. The farmer's cattle often coming home that way know better than to walk in these heaps while the other side of the road is smooth. So does the country swain riding home from meeting or country-side dance with his best girl. So does everybody. How, then, are those rough ways to be made plain?

But just wait. The farmer looks innocent enough; and to judge by his roadmaking, you wouldn't think he knew much. These teamsters and the general public may think they can travel these highways for nothing, and that they have what city folks call a "cinch" on the downtrodden son of the soil. As soon as harvest time is over that other side of the road will be heaped up

"WE NEED AN AIRTHQUAKE OR SUTHIN' FER THEM ROADS."

so much higher and rougher that the wayfayer, or he who's a-horseback or in a vehicle, will be glad to take the side he now despises. The teamster with a thousand of brick will help to make one or t'other of these sides smooth before fall. If not, the comminuting and pulverizing qualities of Jack Frost, or a good covering of snow, may fix things before next spring.

Now such horrid slipshod business is not at all characteristic of this farmer on the farm. If you go and look, you will find that he has all the latest improved farm machinery, good horses, blooded cattle and sheep, and is in general a rather go-ahead sort of a man—always excepting that awful road in front of his place. When he "gets around to it" I am sure he will see that this cry for good roads is not all in the interest of those bicycle people. Anyhow, what is the matter with the agriculturist getting a wheel for himself? —Once a Week.

LOOKS BEFORE MERIT.

Importance of Care in Sorting and Marketing Garden Crops.

It costs no more to raise good fruits and vegetables than it does poor. The expenses of gathering, packing and shipping and marketing are precisely the same on the different grades. But the returns are wonderfully different, and, we take it, the farmer is in the business for these very returns. Why not then get the most out of them? The only thing which makes the difference between the good and the poor is care, but this selfsame care must be scrupulously exercised from beginning to end. From the proper preparation of the ground for the plants right through to the shipping of the crop, every detail must be attended to; the neglect of a single one may render all the others futile. It will not pay to expend all the energy on raising good crops only to gather and ship them in a slipshod fashion. Of the two evils it is better to err in the other directions, for careful sorting and neat packing will do much towards selling an indifferent article, all things being judged first by their appearance and then by their taste. Looks come before merit in all cases.

When these are combined, as they always should be, then the big profits come in, for fancy articles bring fancy prices. Too many farmers fail to realize this. They save their labor by failing to assort their crops according to size and quality, or economize in the wrong direction, as when they use an old soiled package, thereby disgusting a would-be purchaser and rendering him suspicious of the fruit which a clean new package would have set off and rendered tempting and attractive. All such saving, whether of labor or money, is false economy, and results in loss to the seller.—N. Y. World.

The Marketing of Fruit.

The producer is a great loser by marketing his fruit in a haphazard way. The fruit houses in the cities send out into the country drummers and solicitors and they succeed in getting the fruit consigned to certain houses that may be utterly unknown to the grower, and his fruit may or may not be sacrificed. In every section where fruit growing is a prominent industry, there should be an organization with an agent to attend to the marketing. It would pay a large profit. The selling of farm products to traveling solicitors is not business.—Farmers' Voice.

Cooperative Thistle Fights.

Western farmers find that individual attempts at fighting the Russian thistle avail nothing, because the plague grows again faster than the individual farmer can find time to hoe it down; so they all unite as often as convenient to have "hoeing bees" in designated localities. The details of operations are settled by the town councils, every one in the neighborhood takes a day off to fight thistles, and in this way it is possible to make at least some stand against the persevering plague, and to keep some sections fairly free for other than thistle crops.—Farmer's Review.

Scab Unknown in Australia.

In Australia the scab in sheep has been absolutely wiped out by the persistent use of hot baths of sulphur and tobacco, followed by one of sulphur and quicklime at a temperature of 110 degrees. However sound the apparent condition of any imported sheep, down it must go into this bath. There is no more scab in that country.

IMPROVED RATIONS.

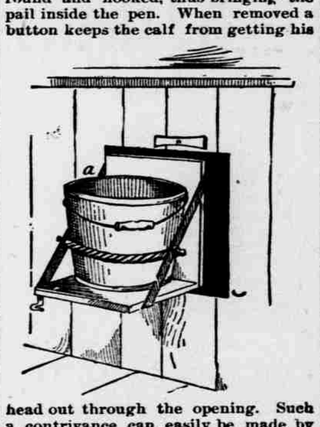
Result of Valuable Experiments at the Massachusetts Station.

The American Dairyman summarizes experiments of the Massachusetts station in regard to dairy rations. It says that the ration fed by many Massachusetts farmers as given by the report consists of 4.50 pounds of wheat bran, the same quantity of corn meal, four pounds corn stover and 43.50 pounds corn ensilage. The nutritive ratio of such a ration is 1.10 and its cost 14.99 cents, while 5.84 cents is accorded to it as its material value, making the net cost 9.15 cents. The total milk yield of six cows for 14 days on this ration was 756.51 quarts, at a total cost of 1.66 cents per quart, while the net cost per quart was 1.02 cents. The amount of butter fat in this quantity of milk was 67.31 pounds and its cost per pound was 18.67 cents. The ration recommended by the station to take the place of the one just noted, which it may be stated contains only 1.30 pounds of digestible protein, consists of three pounds of wheat bran, three pounds of Buffalo gluten feed, three pounds cottonseed meal, four pounds corn stover and 42.78 pounds ensilage. This ration contains 2.60 pounds of digestible protein, and its nutritive ratio is 1.48. Its total cost is 15.95 cents, which is reduced to 7.46 cents as the net cost, because it gives a richer manure, and this is credited at 8.46 cents. In the returns of six cows fed this ration for 14 days, they are credited with 837.56 quarts of milk at a gross cost of 1.60 cents per quart, and the net cost 0.77 cent per quart. The quantity of butter fat obtained from the milk in this instance was 82.17 pounds at a cost of 16.30 cents per pound. The point about this experiment is that the same cows were used in both trials for corresponding periods of time, and it is within the limits of reasonable conjecture that the result of the second ration would have been greater if some part of it was not diverted to repair the physical waste due to the poor nourishment present in the first ration. Some of the things gained in using the second ration was an increase of 81 quarts of milk over the quantity obtainable by the first one and the aggregate yield was produced at less cost. Again, the increase of butter fat with the better ration is 14.80 pounds and the cost of production is decreased 2.37 cents per pound as contrasted with the same item in the account of the first ration. Another point that should not be overlooked is that the ration that furnished the best returns actually cost less to feed. In other words, decreased cost of production furnished a richer ration that produced a larger yield of milk, that was of higher quality.

FOR FEEDING CALVES.

A Contrivance That Saves Considerable Time as Well as Feed.

A trough fastened into a pen is not desirable for feeding calves, as it cannot be as thoroughly scalded out as it should be. Moreover, pouring milk into any receptacle in a pen in which there is a calf is a hazardous business, the operation usually resulting in spilled milk. An arrangement with a feeding pail is shown in the illustration. The back board is hinged to the front of the pen on the side marked a. The pail can thus be set into the holder on the outside of the pen and the holder swung a quarter of the way round and hooked, thus bringing the pail inside the pen. When removed a button keeps the calf from getting his



head out through the opening. Such a contrivance can easily be made by anyone handy with tools and will be found a considerable saving of time as well as feed.—American Agriculturist.

A Word About Straining Milk.

Straining should begin before commencing to milk, by brushing off all the dirt, hair, straw, etc., from the udder, teats and body of the cow. Let it be the duty of some one person to go over all the cows with a soft brush or a damp cloth before the cows are milked. An ordinary wire sieve strainer does very well, but we add to this by doubling cheesecloth or thin cotton so as to have it four thicknesses. Lay the cloth across the bottom of the strainer and then fasten it on by means of a tin ring which slips over the cloth and bottom part of the strainer. For quickness we use a strainer that a pail of milk may be put into at once. This sets in a wooden frame over the can. Some use a woolen cloth to strain with Cloth of some kind is necessary to catch hairs and fine dirt. This cloth must be kept clean. Scald it thoroughly each time after using.—Ontario Experimental Farm.

Potatoes as Food for Cattle.

M. Aime Girard, of Falsanderie, France, has communicated another memoir to the Acadmie des Sciences, Paris, on his experiments with potatoes as forage for cattle, from which it appears that the tubers are first-rate food, whether from the point of view of fattening or the yield of milk and butter. Sheep and oxen throve much better on potatoes and hay than on their ordinary food, and their flesh was found to be superior in quality. His paper is worthy the attention of agriculturalists, especially those of granitic lands, where forage is poor.

Strawberries Are Very Hardy.

The strawberry will grow in most any kind of soil. Most any kind of land that will grow good potatoes will grow good strawberries. While they need an abundance of moisture, especially during fruiting time, they will not flourish in a wet soil where water will stand. They require a well-drained soil, either naturally or artificially. Too much rain with little or no sunshine is often very disastrous to the crop.

If there are any bones lying around, bury them near the grapevines.

A COLUMN OF VERSE.

Forty Years After.

We climbed to the top of Goat Point hill,
'Sweet Kitty, my sweetheart, and I,
And watched the moon make stars on the waves.
And the dim white ships go by:
While a throne we made on a rough stone wall,
And the king and the queen were we,
And I sat with my arm about Kitty,
And she with her arm about me.

The water was mad in the moonlight,
And the sand like gold where it shone,
And our hearts kept time to the music,
As we sat in that splendor alone.
And Kitty's dear eyes twinkled brightly,
And Kitty's brown hair blew so free,
While I sat with my arm about Kitty,
And she with her arm about me.

Last night we drove in our carriage
To the well at the top of the hill,
And though we're forty years older,
We're children and sweethearts still.
And we talked again of the moonlight
That danced so mad on the sea,
When I sat with my arm about Kitty,
And she with her arm about me.

The throne on the wall was still standing,
But we sat in the carriage last night,
For a wall is too high for old people
Whose foreheads have hinings of white.
And Kitty's waist measure is forty,
While mine is full fifty and three,
So I can't get my arm about Kitty,
Nor can she get both hers about me.

—H. H. Porter, in Life

A Song of the World.

"World ain't what it use to be," you'll hear a feller say,
As he crosses of his legs an' heaves a sigh;
But it happens she's the best world that she's ever been, to-day,
And she's whirlin'—jest a-whirlin' round the sky!

The stores give bigger measure—
The mines a sight o' treasure:
There's more o' love an' pleasure
In the land;
The skies air mostly sunny—
You jingle more o' money,
An' the brown bees bring their honey
To your hand!

"World ain't what it use to be!" Of course it ain't, because
It's cuttin' out a newer kind o' way;
It ain't got time to worry 'bout the kind o' world it was,
For it keeps a-gittin' happy on the way!

Brighter blossoms twinin';
Brighter suns a-shinin':
What's the use in pinin'
An' whinin' through the land?
Skies are mostly sunny;
You jingle more o' money,
An' the brown bees bring their honey
To your hand!

—Atlanta Constitution.

In August.

The most charming Summer Resorts, of which there are over three hundred choice locations, are to be found in Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, South Dakota and the Peninsula of Michigan, along the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y. Nearly all are located on or near lakes which have not been fished out.

These resorts are easily reached by railway and range in variety from the "full dress for dinner" to the flannel-shirt costume for every meal.

SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER.

The finest shooting grounds in the Northwest are on and tributary to the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y. The crop of Prairie Chickens promises to be exceptionally good this year; also Ducks and Geese. In Northern Wisconsin and the Peninsula of Michigan splendid deer shooting is to be had.

The Game laws were changed in several of the Western States this year.

Full information furnished free. Address GEO. H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

STILL DISSATISFIED.—The man who sighs for the happy day
When a barefoot boy he ran,
Is the same old boy who used to say:
"I wisht I was a man."

—Philadelphia Record.

A NEW ORLEANS lady has started a conversation class among the ladies of Chicago, to teach them how to talk. Now, let some public-spirited citizen get up a class of ladies and teach them how to listen.—Baltimore Sun.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, August 5, 1895.			
CATTLE—Native Steers	$ 4 20	@	$ 5 60
COTTON—Middling	....	@	7¾
FLOUR—Winter Wheat	2 00	@	3 85
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	....	@	73¼
CORN—No. 2	....	@	48¾
OATS—No. 2	....	@	28
PORK—New Mess	11 75	@	12 25
ST. LOUIS			
COTTON—Middling	6¾	@	6¾
BEEVES—Fancy Steers	5 00	@	5 85
Medium	3 50	@	5 25
HOGS—Fair to Select	4 65	@	4 95
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	2 25	@	3 40
FLOUR—Patents	3 45	@	3 85
Fancy to Extra do	2 90	@	3 30
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter	....	@	78¾
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	....	@	36½
OATS—No. 2	....	@	23
RYE—No. 2	44	@	46
TOBACCO—Lugs	3 00	@	5 00
Leaf Burley	4 50	@	12 00
HAY—Clear Timothy	10 00	@	13 50
BUTTER—Choice Dairy	12	@	15
EGGS—Fresh	....	@	10
PORK—Standard Mess	10 00	@	10 25
BACON—Clear Rib	....	@	6¾
LARD—Prime Steam	....	@	5½
CHICAGO			
CATTLE—Shipping	3 75	@	6 00
HOGS—Fair to Choice	4 56	@	4 90
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	2 75	@	4 25
FLOUR—Winter Patents	3 25	@	3 75
Spring Patents	3 75	@	4 25
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	67½	@	70
No 2 Red	67½	@	68
CORN—No. 2	43	@	43¼
OATS—No. 2	....	@	21¾
PORK—Mess (new)	9 75	@	9 87½
KANSAS CITY			
CATTLE—Shipping Steers	3 75	@	5 45
HOGS—All Grades	4 40	@	4 75
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	....	@	66½
OATS—No. 2	18½	@	19
CORN—No. 2	37½	@	38¾
NEW ORLEANS.			
FLOUR—High Grade	3 55	@	3 80
CORN—No. 2	48½	@	49
OATS—Western	30	@	30½
HAY—Choice	17 00	@	18 00
PORK—New Mess	....	@	10 50
BACON—Sides	....	@	6¾
COTTON—Middling	6¾	@	6½
LOUISVILLE			
WHEAT—No. 2 Red (new)	71	@	72¼
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	43	@	44
OATS—No. 2 Mixed	26	@	28
PORK—New Mess	10 25	@	10 75
BACON—Clear Rib	7¾	@	7¾
COTTON—Middling	....	@	7

Is a bicycle's known as a "bike,"
A tricycle must be a "trike,"
And when winter comes round
It will doubtless be found
That an icycle goes as an "ike."

—Washington Star.

SIMPLICITY—"Wifey, dear, the eggs are not exactly fresh!" "How can you talk like that, hubby? The cook fetched them from the shop only a quarter of an hour ago."—Zeitgeist.

THE Little Trials of Life.—Carrie—"Of course, I couldn't avoid hearing part of the conversation—" Clara—"No; and what a pity you were not able to hear the rest of it!"—Puck.

HE—"I've been watching for a chance to kiss you for the last ten minutes." She—"You must be near-sighted."—Life.

FLOWERS distilled, though they with winter meet, lose but their show; their substance still lives sweet.—Shakespeare.

IT is only the finite that has wrought and suffered; the infinite lies stretched in smiling repose.—Emerson.

TOUCHING the question of antiquity of man how comes it that even the scientists fear to discuss, the antiquity of woman?—Philadelphia Inquirer.

IN ancient Rome two augurs could not meet each other without laughing. But two bores could.—Texas Siftings.

I QUIT the country unwillingly because I must part from myself.—Joubert.

OXE man's word is no man's word; we should quietly hear both sides.—Goethe.